AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IDEA.

BY BARRY PAIN.

I am a fiterary idea. Unborn as yet, have not the incurnations of paper and printing ink which will be mine ereafter. I am conscious. I nave knowledge without the usual apparatus for its acquisition and storage. I see without eyes, and hear without ears. I move as I will, and material things cannot hinder my movements. They are swifter than light, and just as swift s thought. You know, of course, that f an idea is going to come to you, beither locked doors nor iron walls will prevent it; it arrives inevitably

and insuperably; you are to be its parent and make it come into the world. You may be ranked as a genius because you are its parent, and (this amuses me) you will think that you are its parent because you are a genius.

I might be pictured, in my unborn state, as a Puck-like phantom; only the imagination can see me until I select my parent. Ideas have that privlege. Human beings—on very slight-est evidence—believe that they do not select their parents, but, on the other and, they believe-on no evidence at all-that they do select their ideas. I am not prescient, but I fancy that the man whom I select for my parent should be a very happy man. I am a perfectly brilliant idea. I am new, and am a master; the world will say it. I thall bring fortune and fome to my parent. Even now-when I am unborn and cannot tell the precise form that I shall take-I exult in my own utter goodness. This is, of course, vain. But then humility is only one of the impositions of the weak majority upon the strong minority, to enable the weak majority to keep up a self-respect to which facts do not entitle it.

I decided to come here. Before me bes a vast mass of building materials. sorted out into houses and the like, and rnown on the eighteen-penny folding map as "London and its Environs." It swarms. It is too large. Let me see what is immediately before me.

Before me is No. 23, Harriet Terrace, Fulham. It is a new terrace of thirtypound houses, and there is no external difference, except the number, tween 23 and the rest. It is the residence of Albert Weeks, literary back. Shall I enter, and bid Albert Weeks be my parent? I should bring him money and reputation. He would be able to live in a better house than this; people would come to him and



say: "Albert Weeks, where did you get that perfectly splendid idea?" He would taste popularity, smile complacently, and subscribe to a presscutting agency. Shall I select him or

Albert Weeks is married, of comse, and has three children. His wife is wellmeaning, but, I fear, a trifle under-educated. He met her in the old days when he was on a kind of a spree; his love-making was a kind of a spreen there was a touch of sheer spree even In his marriage. It was all irresponsible-enthusiastic-desperate; and the spree is well out of their lives for ever and ever-unless I interfere. They are still heart-fond of each other, though the has ceased to remark on his eleverness and sometimes is almost snappish, and he has no time to pet her because he is so busy for so little remuneration

The front room in which he is sitting

is rather sordid. They call it the drawng-room, sometimes substitute it for the nursery, and habitually use it as his study. There is a quaint gathering of antagonistic furniture. He bought as little furniture as possible at first because he was no fool and knew that they would have to be seemical-and be has added to it since on occasions when he could not possibly afford it. There are, for instance, two chairs from a drawing room suite two only. They would have been cheaper if he had taken the entire tuite; but you could not expect him to buy the suite when he could not possihie afford these two chairs out of it. These are covered with pale green veldust. On the chair nearest to the table at which he is writing stands a chirped cup of cold ten, surmounting the dust and the velvet. The cold ten seems to be looking upward with a gray, tatient eye at the gundy paper lamp-shade, the photogravure of "The Prodigal Son," and the smoked ceiling. It is a room that must always have had crumbs in it. House-flies go long distances for the pleasure of ultimately dying in this room. They have died conspicupusly and frequently in it. In one corner broken and by-gone bamboo has now Befinitely despuired of ever signifying anything more cultured than a clearance sale in the Tottenham Court Road; and in the one plans-sconce which is not broken lineers the stump of a canfile that has wept its composite heart

out over the stained keyboard-wept

for the death of the files, or the desput

of the bad bamboo, or the general

Icorranger, Real as yet, "there are people." There are not say now, for he is alone in the room. The expression of his face is careful. He has to be careful, because the editor of the Inner Circle was by no means satisfled with his last batch of paragraphs, and he cannot afford to be deprived of the guinen a week which he receives from that very fashionable journal.

The editor had said-though more technically and briefly-that either Mr. Albert Weeks would have to onvey a more convincing impression of his intimate acquaintance with high society, or the Inner Circle would dispense with his valuable services. The words that the editor - who was rather less fashionable than his penny pant-ing naner-actually used were: "More ing paper-actually used were: arent because you are a genius.

To the large eyes of the imagination

and don't you forget it."

What are you to do when you are too good to know the butler and not good enough for the butler's master to know you? This is what, I perceive, Albert Weeks is doing, writing laboriously: cice is doing, writing laboriously:
The season is dying fast, and I am sure that
I of my readers will acree with me that it
been an unusually brilliant one. So everyy was saying to use at Lacy Ballingham's
nicet by the way Lady Ballingham must
colled more beautiful than ever. As for
house in Park lane. I have always considit to be quite the most charming town
as that I have seen in the whole course of
ever-cours. Well, the long round of define and becurious.

Here he is interrupted, because his worn-out, striving, vulgar, respectably, loving, sharpish wife has come into the toom with a blue paper in her hand. "Supper, Albert; come on now. Oh,

you sin't touched your ten, and I was particular to bring it. Are you comin'? Ennery as broke the scapdish in the nursery; that's what the cryin' was about. This here is Bilderspin's bill for what he did to the kitchen range. It's high-one, seventeen, six."

That is the last straw. His editor has bothered him. His work has bothered him. He is very tired. A paragraph-which was really coming out very nicely-has been interrupted. Money is very scarce. And supper is mere mutton, and his wife looks rather Ill, and Bilderspin's bill is one, seventeen, six. The combination overpowers him. The little man throws lown his pen, stamps his foot and swears like a mad blackguard-swears Now, then, shall I make this man my

parent? If I crept through that sandy hair into the whitey-gray brain, what a change there would be. He would be conscious that he had got a new, tremendous, imperial idea. He would put down his knife and fork, finish the beer in his glass at one gulp, explain hurriedly to his wife that he was really inspired this time, and rush wildly at the handsome inkstand and his work. By the following midday I should be in manuscript. In six weeks Albert would be famous. In six months he would have real money and no debts, and there would be more money to come. There would be a new soapdish, new furniture, new dresses for his wife. Ennery would have toys and a go-cart; Albert would, on little occasions, have Hildseek. They would be off to the seaside for a fortnight, and do the thing well, and the personal paragraphs would say that Mr. Weeks and his family were spending the winter in Brighton, where it is to be hoped that this new and brilliant author will not allow his

Weeks, and I do want to satisfy my own whim. My own whim definitely

refuses Albert Weeks. At the same time I am in a great harry to be born. I have knowledge, but it is limited. I or instance, I believe that I am an idea for a short story, but I am not sure. I know I am know in what way I am miraculously good. I yearn to see myself in my inal form. I must positively get born.

Well, let me examine elsewhere. Here, I observe, the traffic is being partially disturbed by a long funeral oming briskly back from the come-In the first coach is a young man alone. He is in deep mourning. He has drawn the window blinds down. His hat is placed on the front seat. He himself is kneeling on the floor of the coach; his arms spread over the back seat; his eyes are glaring, hot with unshed tears; he bonds his head and bites flereely the wrist of one hand. I know his name at once and some-Travers Wybnot. Away in the cems-tery lies the still body of Mand Farradyce whom Wylmot was to have mar-No. I am safe—safe in a foolscap enlived. The agony of his grief would

Telope, directed, sufficiently stamped,

Whirled about he postal arrangement. a be doubted by anyone who saw im *now; but it is bad to look at a man'

but he is like that. Yet Wylmot is a man who has alwith the thought that he is a sham. erhaps he did once or twice over-emplusize in conversation his passionate equivation for his favorite authors; but he paid dearly for the pose; he subsequently threw the books uside and said that he was sick of all talk about art; in the flerce reactionary fit he became addicted to a hearty steak-and- appetite rather than destroys it. Wylnions in low company, heard some and negumer on the day of mand's distinctly course stories, and had him-fameral; he had quite a nice breakfast self put up for a sporting club which neither interested him nor desired his membership. The reactionary fit was knew that he meant to destroy me. books so with his writing. In proud lips set firm the eye merciless. moments he believes that he is going somewhere at the back of that mercito be a leader; he pays for his pride less eye lurked a quite different, milder with days of depression when he doubts expression. whether he is even cupable of being a had done their carnal work, and incondecent fellower. As with his writings so with his love. A few weeks There is on the table a handsome, ago he asked himself seriously if he disgusting experience of feeling the black-spotted wedding present of an inchest trying to be romanic, inkstand. In front of it sits Albert if he really leved this Mand Farraand not merely trying to be romaint, better for his food. However, he poked Inkstand. In front of it sits Albert dyes who was to be his wife. That the air that he did not care about it, nan with sandy bair, and the from doubt went before the pretty yellow-but did not think it worth while to

> shall be my parent. He shall bring me into the world. Now, as he sprawls in that mourning esach, his wild, aching hung in the balance. It was a moment | kills is a delightful whim

I is comfutable characters overlooking | himself had tribusphed once more

Piccadilly, just recovered from rather an unpleasant fit of hysteria. Albert Weeks would have thanked God for me, but Wylmot positively does not want to be my parent. He would cheerfully sacrifice a year's income if by so doing he could definitely get me out of his head. But he cannot. I am going to be born, and this is the first part of the process.



ate-horribly and grotesquely inapproprinte; for I have discovered more about myself, and I find that I am a humorous idea. I am the newest, the most delicious, the most inevitably humorous idea that ever has been or ever will be. The bare thought of me brings a deep satisfaction right away down in the very pit of one's apprecia tions. At first I am too great for laughter, but the laughter comes. It comes chuckles; it swells and grows to shaking paroxysms. Here, in this room, but half an hour ago Wylmot at least reached the full appreciation of me. It had been growing upon him ever since the moment in the mourning coach when I first came to him. There had been at intervals sudden smiles over his face, succeeded by an expression of aconized shame and contrition. But at the full appreciation of me gave up the struggle and began to laugh. He threw back his head; he stamped one foot: he held his sides with both hands; he roared; he howled

helplessly.
His laughter stopped quite suddenly, as great fits of laughter often do, as if it had been cut short with a clean stroke | dulgent; but it did not amount to very of a knife. He took out his watch, glanced at it, and-just as he had realized the full humor of me-realized the full borror of the situation. Three short hours before he had stood beside an open grave, wherein he did then most truly believe that all his interest and all the brightness of his life lay. That was three hours ago.

And yet he had just finished a fit of the wildest, most uncontrolable laughter. He had been allowing himself to be amused. It was just here that Wylmot had that unpleasant attack of hy-

He has recovered from it, and has composed himself. His face is very white now, and he looks rather like a man under a curse. He gets out his tion was some simple thing. writing materials. "Mand," he says, softly, "you are not minding, are you?

He sits down, and at the top of the page writes in a large hand, "Ellen." It is the title of the story which is to embody me. He writes fast for half an hour, and then a servant brings in the lighted lamps.

for a minute. He does not dine out: library of the country house, in the is sufficient introduction. Come now; he does not go to the club. He writes rectory, in Mayfair drawing rooms, in get into the cab." at lightning speed, only pausing to Bloomsbury parlors, in workingmen's laugh from time to time more wildly clubs, in private house bars, in England, than ever. He laughs and writes, in America, in the colonies everywrites and laughs, on and on, until he where where English, or an approximafinds that the lamps are going out, and glances at his watch. It is five o'clock of discussion. There is a touch of the a miraculously good idea, but I do not in front of him is the finished story-me myself-me, the magnificantly humor-

room. He realizes that he feels very tery. Only two people really know any further emotion. Laughter and sistant editor and his proprietor. Bir-tears alike will be a closed book to him man has told neither, and quarreled

And I lie on the table in the study I know his name at once and some-thing about him. He is Hon. Eardley incarnation. Will my reluctant parent burn me in the morning?

AFTER BIRTH.

whirled about by postal arrangement. came into the study rather late next morning. He looked beaten, humilisted, tired and half starved. He cast one vindictive glance at me and passed into the next room, where breakfast was ready for him. He was rather a long time over breakfast. When the emotional heart is completely broken up, the ordinary blood-pumping heart will still go on with its work. So with It happened in this way. Wylmot ways doubted himself. He is haunted ated, tired and half starved. He cast will still go on with its work. So with the other organs. Sorrow postpones

on the following morning. He came back to me at last, and I itter, but it was short. As with his His face was intentionally rigid, the

gruous geniality was struggling upward in him; he was going through the the fire flercely; then he lit a pipe, with hurl me in the fire. As he held me in on the front page.

In that one second my young life brain shall become possessed of me. It of terrible excitement for me. The ere ginneed through a few lines, and I felt fia a shade safer. The eye twinkled. Then

Of course, after that he had nothing to do but to sit down before the fire and argue it out with himself. The mopolitan. Why not? It was unhappy, incongruous, wretched, that a humorous idea should have come to him yeshis head. After all, if there was any harm done-if there had been any sign of want of feeling on his part-that lay far more in the writing than in the publication of the story. He would never put his name to it, of course. No he would take no remuneration for it. what right had he to keep that story from the public? It might not beprobably was not-so splendidly and thus: amazingly good as he had imagined, but still he knew something of his business, and he knew that it would be likely to be popular. It might cheer many who were ill and depressed, and add something to the sum of human happiness. And he did not think that the critics, with their Athenian longing to see and to hear some new thing, would miss noticing the novelty and spirit of it. Indeed he had mingled feelings of philanthropy and self-abnegation as he sat down to write (on deepedged paper) a little note to the editor of the Cosmopolitan.

To a certain extent he deceived him self. If Albert Weeks had voluntarily surrendered, on sentimental grounds, his honorarium for a short story, there would have been something in the sacrifice. But Wylmot had a private income, more than sufficient for all his needs, and to him the surrender of the check meant nothing. His surrender of the reputation which he believed would attach to the author of "Ellen" did amount to something, for he had the weakness cui etiam saepe boni inmuch, because it is an exceedingly rare thing for a single short story to us tract any attention at all, and although Wylmot believed in the chance of "Ellen," he knew that it was not more was there very much in his doubt whether he had the right, for the sake. the verge of sobbing. Moving slowly of his personal sorrow, todeny the publie an enjoyment.

The real reason that swayed him was paternal love. He had made me and en that I was very good. He could not commit infanticide. He liked to explain himself, but his curious mixture of intense humility and some subtle vanities always made a desperate business of it whenever the real explana-

His note to the editor of the

This blamed thing has got into my head. I didn't want to think of anything humorous, but this came to me. Mand, it would make the dead laughtit is too funny—and I don't want to think of it any more. That is why I am going to write it all out. Then perhaps I may be able to put it aside. Oh, Maud, don't think that I'm irreverent and unfeeling. My heart is dead and with you. I hate myself for having laughed, but had to. I will get rid of this idea that's haunting me, and then I don't think I shall ever laugh again."

He stis down and at the ton of the mopolitan ran as follows:

Now I think it must be acknowledged that, for a man who was not, as a rule, a liar, this letter is from a liar's point of view distinctly creditable.

The moment the servant has gone tan has sold out seven editions of the tion to it, is spoken-I am the subject the morning, and the stack of paper | universal about me, and already the translators are busy. Enthusiastic crities have been more screamingly enthusinstic than ever before about me; He draws back the curtain and lets the severest critics have unbent. I the wan London daylight into the have the additional attraction of a mysexhausted and shaky, goes to the side- who wrote me-Wylmot, my author, board in an adjoining room, and gets and Roger Birman, his editor-and himself some brandy. He drinks two neither of them will tell. On the nuglasses of it in rapid succession; then thorship of "Ellen" only two people he goes off to bed. He is too tired for have dared to question Birman; his asuntil he has slept. He falls to sleep at with both; it is the day of his glory, once, and sleeps long-heavily, dream- and he can afford to quarrel with almost anybody. Canards on the subject of my authorship have flown over the country in dense flocks. Albert Weeks has, as usual, drawn his long-bow at a venture; and, as usual, missed the joints of the harness. This is his little

ably not more than twenty people to London who really know it. When the secret is told.

Of course I knew from the first that I was exceedingly good, but still it is very pleasant to have it acknowledged. My success is a joy to me; it is also a j to Birman and this is really terrible to Hon. Eardley Travers Wylmot. Letters, forwarded by the secret hand of Birman, have come to him from the office of the Cosmopolitan. For many editors have been anxious to com-municate with the author of "Ellen." care of the Cosmopolitan. He has The fried sole and eggs suswered none of them. Yet, just for a minute, he has hesitated. At this time he carefully abstains from any thought of Maud; if such a thought arises, he puts it out of his head again That is the trouble-be feverishly.

soat which he has given up wearing headed girl died. And now he does not omit it. And then he picked me up, to the room slowly in utter agony; his brows are contracted; his eyes arber Yes, Hon. Eardley Travers Wylmot his hand his eye rested for one second sometimes his hands close convulsive ly: sometimes he draws a deep breath, like one who is enduring a torture that | my wife anything that I happened to

It is the reaction. It began yester sont it off to her without thinking.

How Eardier Travers Wylmot has, later the soundary in the soun that must be because the portrait did it. I we cut mir name of the lines. If

no true justi ce to her, or because it distressed him that any other eyes but his own should a ee Mand's picture. Durstory should be published in the Cos ing the period of joy in the funny successful story & at he wrote on the night that Mand was buried, he had been ready with sho als of euphemistic cheerterday of all days. But he had not sought for it. He had even struggled ing finely. Yet, as a matter of fact, to the utmost to put the thing out of the uneasiness that he felt arose from a kind of fear. He decided to lock the portrait away with her letters in the bureau. As he twas doing so, his eye fell on the first mote that he had ever received from Yau d-merely an invitation to dinner, written to save her one should be able to say that Maud's mother the trouble, written in shy, lover took the loss of her lightly. And formal language, and commencing he would take no remuneration for it. with "Dear Mr. Wylmot." An impulse He would forward the amount of the seized him to look again, by way of cheque that he received from the Cos- contrast, at the last letter that he had mopolisan to some charity. Besides, ever had from her. It was written in penell, just at the beginning of Mand's sudden and fatal illness. It began

thus:

"They tell me I am very ill Eardley, and they won't let me white more than just a little letter. They say that they will send you a longer letter themselves at about the littless oft of the dictors that if ey think I am going to die perhaps. But I must I won't post if go it out of the dictors that if ey think I am going to die perhaps. But I must I won't loan't die and be taken away from you. Do not be despairing, my lover, docfors so often make mistakes, you know, and I am sure that I shall got letter. How could I die when you're make firing so well worth whild Oh, dear lever, did any man ever love so facily and nobly as you'l don't deserve you—no, I can't.

The letter shook in Eurolley's trem-The letter shook in Eurdley's trem-

bling hand. It was with difficulty

He had to stop there. His throat



the verge of sobbing. Moving slowly and quietly, he put the letter back in the bureau and the portrait back in its place on the wall. He sat down in front of the portrait and gazed at ita pretty, yellow-haired girl with mournful eyes, who had loved him well and thought him nobbs. And God had taken her and left him to the composition of an intensely humorous story. He had once the belief that he was a man of feeling and honor, jand he has now lost the belief and he cannot live

the intention of killing himself. He does not do it, because he arrives there just in time to stop another man from killing himself. The other man, a stranger to Wylmot, is a young man with sandy hair-to-wit, Mr. Albert

without it. Late at night he goes out.

He goes down to the Embankment with

Weeks. "I think," says Wylmot, speaking firmly, but with a curious smile on his face, "you had better come back with me to my rooms and talk this over." He stops a passing hansom.

"What's it got to do with you?" Weeks

"You happen to have saved my life." "That's a lie. You saved mine, though I didn't went your damned interference. You pulled me back as I was on It is all over. My embodiments have the parapet. What do you mean by been multiplied, since the Cosmopolisaying I saved your life?"

'Ah!" Wylmot says, with the same

At Wylmot's chambers the servant with an auxious expression on his face, let them in. It vanished as he saw Wylmot. He had been nervous about his master, and he was glad to see him no longer alone and looking in better spirits.

Albert Weeks felt mazed and wondering were the events of the last few days that had driven him to desperation unreal, or was this unreal? The two men had drawn their chairs up in front of the fire. Albert Weeks sipped the fragrant coffee and blinked his eyes; he was in a kind of dream. Through it he heard Wylmot speaking. despite her peculiar work is thorough-

"Ye tif it had not been for you ! should have drowned myself to-night. The sight of another man on the verge of committing exactly the same act suddenly showed me that suicide was running away. One should not run It is not brave, though brave amay. men have done it through sudden panie. You have placed me under a very great obligation to you.'

Weeks shook his head. "You saved

No. no, I saved you from an isolated set. You saved me from an entirely wrong principle. I do not know whether I make myself clear. But I feel the obligation deeply, and I will speak of it again afterwards. In the meantime you should know my name." He handed Weeks a card.

Weeks glanced at it and said: "I have no card, but my name is Albert Weeks, and I used to live at No. 23, Harriet Terrace, Fulham. I was a journal- snowing the appoints theorem the ist. I failed. I used to be on the Inner Circle, but I got kicked off. Do you know the Inner Circle?

"I've seen the posters, but I cannot say that I ever read it."

"It's nothing much to read, but it was all I had to live on. I'm married, with children. It was very difficult to Rockett has three orphans to whom get along. Sometimes I got a short she has given a home, though they had thing taken elsewhere, not often. I borrowed a little money on my furni Inner Circle I couldn't pay the interest at her home the other day, "for a ine, and so the Jew took the furniture. My wife and the children have gone to her married sister a Mrs. Warboys. She wouldn't have me, and she grudges the shelter that she gives my wife and children; they'll come to the workhouse. I haven't lived anywhere the last two days. To-night I sold the last He starts from his chair, and pages thing I had It was my mother's wed-girls. I am fond of horses. Of course, he room above in utter agony, his dingring. I thought Fo buy myself a there I did not have to care for them or good dinner before I died."

Then why didn't you. "Oh, I'd got into the habit of giving make so I went into a post office and

tio on," said Wylmot. Yesterday be noticed that he felt - Well, there which much more in I'd mee got into the river, there would went to work for Mr. Story ninetee have been nothing to identify me by. So she'd have got used gradually to being without me. And her married sis- own fault that he lost his place and ter would have felt she'd more claim Mr. Story offered it to me. I was glad

for support if she had no husband. "Now, I must tell you about myself." one of the lucky ones-they wouldn't tell almost instinctively if a horse is take me on the swell magazines.

"You live in these comfortable chamand everything. You can get your charge of horses must know how to stuff taken by the very best papers. I take care of them. I prepare seedmopolitan."

good author. I had done a disgrace- taking care of the home, so that is not ful thing. It did not involve public disgrace; it was not, in the eyes of the keeps me outside. There was no hard hw, an offense at all. But it took feeling between Mr. Story and my hasaway my self-respect, and I did not feel as if I could live without it. I would rather not speak of the details." "Certainly not," said Weeks.

"Now I want to talk over some plans | never any trouble among the men. for you, but I must first write a letter. soon written, and given to Francis to "Now, then," said Wylmot, standing

before the fire, "as we have finished our wine we will smoke. You may possibly like these cigars. A. I said before, without intending it, you have placed me under a very great obligation. I feel sure that you, as a gentleman, will understand that a gentleman does not like to be left in that position. As some slight acknowledgment of the great good you have done me I have just sent instructions to my solicitors by which you will, on my decease, receive a legacy of one thousand pounds. You want money now, and I want to give you it, but, of course, you would not consent to the humiliation of receiving a present of money. A legacy is a different matter, and one can take a legacy."

"I-I do not know how to thank you." said Weeks. "I could not, of course, have accepted a present of money." "Now, I must tell you my plans for you. You love your wife?"

"She and the children are-well. they're naturally the principal thing." "Now, it is quite evident to me that It is your duty to take them into the country for a holiday. You look over-

'Oh, I worked pretty hard, but it didn't come to anything. I failed." "Very likely from overwork. Your wife and children, too, will want a change. You must be away at least two months. When you come back, I will give you a letter to the editor of the Cosmopolitan; he will do, I may say, a good deal for me. If you can write, he will let you write. If not, he will find some other remunerative oceupation for you, And, I think, you would probably like to discharge any pecuniary obligation that you may be under to Mrs. Warboys.

"I should. But it is impossible. There is no money."

"Oh, some arrangement can easily be made. Let me see. Why not borrow a hundred from me, giving me your 1.

"Stop," said Weekst "it doesn't take mein. You'regiving memoney: I take it with gratitude. You've saved my life, and you've made it possible for me to go on living. And you've done it all so kindly, treating me as an equal, and no one's been like this to me for a long time-and, damn it, I can't even speak about it?" He rose and turned to the window with a sob in his throat.

"No. I definitely decide that I will not make Albert Weeks my parent. I so not a philanthropist; I am only an integrated in the period of the Kensington. Wylmot did his best to live without self-respect. He insted a few years, wearing himself out with work. He died of something quite commonplace.

PERFORMS ODD DUTIES.

Mrs. Rockett, of Brooklyn, Is Forewoman in a Livery Stable.

A peculiar situation is that held by Mrs. Ellen Rockett, of Brooklyn. She is forewoman of a big stable owned by J. T. Story, a coal dealer, and has charge of thirty-three horses and some fifteen drivers, one of whom is her husband. Mrs. Rockett is an Irish woman of about fifty years old, and ly domestic. Her home, which consists of seven rooms over the stable, is



best and clean. She has been the mother of twelve children, of whom seven are living. Two of these are married and have homes of their own. In addition to the other fire Mrs.

"It seems strange, doesn't jep" she When I got kloked off the said to a New York Recorder reporter woman to hold such a place. But I don't mind it as long as I am earning an honest living. I can do the work see. I do not have to do the hard work, but I see that it is done. I do just the work that Mr. Story has told you. I was born in Ireland, and like most frish anything of that east, but I was used to them. My husband and I came to this

years ago. He was foreman I helped him a good deal. It was his to get it.

"My hours are long. I am up at four "Well, of course. I know a little and never get to bed before eleven about you. I've seen signed things by o'clock. Many times I have been up you in the Cosmopolitan. I was never all night if the horses are sick. I sen not well, even before it shows it. I know how to doctor them, too. I have bers in perfect luxury, with a butler studied that, for a person having don't say that you've made a real hit, cines and hulments, and it is much like the man that wrote 'Ellen,' but cheaper than having to buy them. you must be good to get into the Cos- get the same wages that my husband did, thirteen dollars a week, with rent, It's so much better, you know, gas and coal free. My children are, Weeks, to be a good man than to be a some of them, old enough to help in neglected, even when my business band, so I employed him as a driver. All the men treat me with respect and give me credit for taking held when my husband lost his place. There is

Will you excuse me?" The letter was through the stable, which was neut and clean. Only two of the horses were in, but these knew her, and were impatient until she had patted them on the nose and spoken to them. One of these was the one which brought Mrs. Rockett into public notice. It was lame and the Anti-Cruelty society had the driver arrested. Mrs. Rockett paid the fine. She said careless shoeing had caused the immeness, and since the shoes have been removed the horse is

MUSTACHE BURNED OFF.

John George Falls Asleep and Illa Gaso-line Lamp Explodes. John George, whose sandwich car stands every night at the corner of

Loomis and West Madison streets, Chi-



cago, had a narrow escape at twelve o'clock one night from death by burning. Trade slackened and he fell asleep maide his car. While he was dozing the gasoline lamp which furnishes the car with light exploded, setting fire to George's clothes and the car. Police Officer Thomas Tyrrell, standing on the corner, saw the fire and that beorge was in great peril.

Refore George realized what was the matter Officer Tyrrell had rushed to the car and pulled him from it to the sidewalk and extinguished the flames in his clothing. His face was severely burned and his mustache was burned entirely off. The car with its contents was destroyed, causing a loss of about

An alarm of fire was turned in, but when the engines arrived the car had burned. To prevent the sidewalk near which the car was standing from taking fire the car was pulled into the trains for a few minutes.

A QUEEN'S PERQUISITES.

Whales Captured on the British Coast Bo

Among the most curious of Queen Victoria's perquisites is her right to every whale or sturgeon captured on the coast of the United Eingdom and quisites date back to the days of the Norman kings, and it appears that in the case of the whale the monsters were divided between the sovereign and his consort, the queen taking the head to order that her wandrobes might be replenished with the whalebone needed for the stiffening of her royal garments.

Another of the queen's perquisites. says the Chicago Times, is a certain number of magnificent cashmers shawls, which are dispatched to her every year from the kingdom of Cash-They vary in value, as a rule, from sixty to two bundred and fifty pounds sterling apleou, and the queen is customed to present one of them as a wedding present to every young girl of the aristocracy in whose future she is in any way interested. Every tailor holding a patent of "purveyor to her majesty," if he conforms to ancient tradition and neage, should present her with a silver needle each year

Another chas of royal purveyors he called upon to present to her annually s tablecloth, while from other sources again she is entitled to an annual contribution of eurrycombs, fire tongs, scarlet holsery, nightenps, knives, Innees, and crossbows. Moreover, at the coronation the lord of manor of Addington must present to the sover-"mills of almond, brawn of capena, sugar, spices, chickens parbolled and chopped." At the same exceeding the lived of the manue of Roydon is obliged, by virtue of his tenure from the own, to present the monarch with . towel, the lord of the manor of the workshop giving the covereign a few of the various requisites to which Queen Victoria is entitled by tradition

When Staby was sirk, we gave her Custoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Custoria. When she became Miss, she chang to Custoria. When she had Children, she gave them Custoria

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